

## Cloudscape

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [April 24, 2019](#) issue

When a cloud  
becomes a ragdoll or a sheep,  
the Madonna's face, a sidelong  
glance, rainmaker in April,  
ice-truck in December,

it is forced to reconsider itself,  
a theatre of strangers  
with quiet footfalls and masks  
that flicker like candles,  
a foreign radiance  
speaking in tongues.

All it knew,  
or thought it knew,  
was foolishness,  
a circus with no clowns,  
a bundle of immaculate secrets,  
the whisper of moths' wings  
caught between a cabbage  
and the sun.